Sorrowfull Verſes made on

death of our moſt Soueraigne Lady

Queene ELIZABETH, my Gracious Miſtreſſe.

ENGLAND may mourne, as many Kingdomes way
A loſſe of late, that Gold nor Pearle redeemes,
A gale of winde, that made Kings hoyſe vp Sayles,
When bluſtring blaſts, brought Barkes in great extreeme
Her Realme ſhee rul'de, and bridled as GOD would,
With Reaſons raine, that holds backe Bayards bit,
To purchaſe peace, payd maſsie ſummes of Gold,
Did what might, to win a world with wit,
Wiſed rules Starres, clymes vp to Heauens gate,
Makes ace and Warres, and ſtayes a tottering State,
Her inſight ſaw, all outward flawes of winde,
Her iudgement crept, into our cunning Age,
No practize could, ſurpaſſe her Princely minde,
Her calmie wordes, could ſwelling Sea aſſwage,
Religion burnd, like Lampe in her bare breſt,
And for her faith, ſhee ſtill ſet vp her reſt,
Shee gaue great things to thouſands, world well knowes,
As at well head, and Fountaine Water flowes.
Cæſars, ſharpe Spirit, her ſpeeches vttr'ed oft,
Cyrus great power, and wealth ſhe wanted not,
Shee pluc't downe Pride, to ſet meeke hearts aloft,
Her matchles deedes, great Fame and Glorie got,
Opened her bagges, to ſuch as ſuffered wrong,
Much money lent, but felt the loſſe to long.
Eſcap't bad men, that ſought to ſhed her blood,
Forgaue great faultes, to winne worldes loue and zeale:
But when moſt ſafe, in health we thought ſhee ſtood,
Her Ghoſt paſt hence, (from Crowne and Common-weale)
To GODS high Throne, like Torch and Candle blaze,
(Loſt earthly light) and left vs in a maze.

BRITISH MUSEUM 20 JY 64

FINIS.

T. Churchyard Esqr

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This Phœnix *dead, from her warme Cynders ſtreight,*
In forme of Man, another Phœnix *roſe,*
Who clapt his wings, and flew vp ſuch a height,
(So neere the Sunne) that to GODS *glorie ſhines.*